

THE MOTHER'S REQUIEM.

Arr: for the Guitar by C. BALMER.

Music and Poetry by CHARLIE HINE.

Andantino.

Guitar.



3.V. Low - ly on the crowded deck, Bent the moth - er o'er her child; Scald-ing

1.V. In the steer - age of a ship, Sat a weep - ing lonely mother; Tearful

tears 'twere vain to check, Told a tale of anguish wild, As the

eye and quivering lip, Told the woe she could not smother; Wild-ly

mourn - ful sighing wind Through the sound - ing cordage rang, Soft and

rock - ing to and fro, Clasp - ing tight - ly to her breast, All she

plain - tive, sweet and low, She a sim - ple re - quiem sang.

had to love be - low, She her dy - ing babe ca - ressed.

2.v. As the hol - - low sounding waves Dash'd a -

mf

- gainst the ves - sels side, Vis - sions sweet of low - ly graves, Dis - tant

pp

o'er the rol - ling tide, Flash'd a - cross her tortur'd brain; Poor,

f *c* *Agitato.* *pp*

heart broken lonely mo - ther Oh her ag - - o - ni - zing pain! Anguish

rall. *p* *a tempo.* *p* *pp*

that she cannot smother. *Lento.* 4.v. Ohtmy

rall. *pp*

child thou art gone to the land of the blest; And thy ach - - ing

cres.

dim.
frame is now at rest; But I'm mourn - - ing sad o'er thy

cres. dim.
life - - less clay, And thine eyes once as bright as the dawn - ing of

Agitato.
day. Oh! my dar - - ling babe, why must thou de - part? Thou the

rall.
on - - ly joy of my widowed heart; Oh! I'm lone - - ly

now, and the tears that start Tell the woe of a child - - less

widow's heart. do.